That lie beside Asopus* banks, and bring
To Thebes the rich fruit of her harvesting,
On Hysiae and Erythrae that lie nursed
Amid Kithaeron's bowering rocks, they burst
Destroying, as a iceman's army conies.
They caught up little children from their homes,
High on their shoulders, babes unheld, that swayed
And laughed and fell not; all a wreck they made:
Yea, bronze and iron did shatter, and in play
Struck hither and thither, yet no wound had they :
Caught fire from out the hearths, yea, carried hot
Flames in their tresses and wc:re scorched not 1
The village folk in wrath took spear and sword,
And turned upon the Bacchae.
Then, dread Lord,
The wonder was. For spear nor barbed brand
Could scathe nor touch the damsels : but the Wand,
The soft and. wreathed wand their white hands sped,
Blasted those men and quelled them, and they fled
Dizzily. Sure some God was In these things 1
And the holy women back to those strange springs
Returned, that God had sent them when the day
Dawned, on the upper heights; and washed away
The stain of battle. And those girdling snakes
Hissed out to lap the water drops from checks
And hair and breast.
Therefore I counsel thee,
O King, receive this Spirit, whoe'er he bt%
To Thebes in glory. Greatness manifold
Is all about him ; and the tale is told
That this is he who first to man did

give
The grief-assuaging vine. Oh,
let him live :
For if he die, then Love herself is
slain,
And nothing joyous in the world
again I